

The Columbus Commercial

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The Three Gardens

ONCE on a time there were three brothers, and they all had the same fairy godmother, who used to puzzle her fairy head about the best way to make them good, because that's really what fairy godmothers are for, anyway. Hans, the oldest boy, used to wonder why, if she were a sure-enough fairy, she couldn't supply them with kites and tops and marbles without expecting them to do something in return; but she said, the world isn't made that way. Karl bothered his head about nobody, not even fairy godmothers, as long as he had plenty to eat and could chase butterflies all day in the sunshine. Otto, the apple-cheeked, blue-eyed youngest brother, used to think he would be very fond of her if she gave him a chance; but he was rather afraid of her.

Sometimes they did not see her for quite a long time, and so it was a surprise one morning when she suddenly appeared at the door of the cottage. Hans ran to get her a drink of milk, when she asked for it, but he looked so sourly into the cup that perhaps it affected the cream, for the old lady frowned as she drank. Karl smiled good-naturedly, and asked if she had brought him sugar plums, which she hadn't; but he did not stir from his comfortable seat. Otto brought her a chair, and then offered her his foot stool, but she frowned again, and asked him why he looked as if he were afraid of her.

The fairy godmother then explained the reason of her visit. She began by saying something or other about the shortness of youth, and the importance of making the most of your time. I forget just what it was, but I dare say you have heard it all before. Then she began to explain her new plan.

"I will give you each a piece of ground," she said, "and you must clear it and till it and plant it and rake it and hoe it and water it; and then, when autumn comes, I will see what you have done, and you will each see what happens next. Each one will get a prize, no matter what he does or how he does it; for this world everything you do gets its reward somehow, only there is a difference in prizes." And she smiled oddly to herself.

Then she looked out to the ground back of the house, marked out the three gardens with her crutch, left a magic chest of seeds and slips in the woodhouse, and then vanished.

"I shall win the prize," said Hans boldly. "It will be money, and I shall have a velvet suit and a prancing steed, and a silken purse of gold."

"Dear, dear," groaned Karl, "what does a body want of prizes when he has enough to eat and can chase butterflies in the sunshine?"

Hans was so much stronger than the others that he could work twice as fast. He decided at once to plant vegetables, because he could sell them in the neighboring town where most of

the men worked in a factory and had no time for gardening. Karl couldn't make up his mind what to plant. He thought it would be lovely to plant coconuts and have graceful palm trees, where he could rest when he was tired, and which would supply him with sweet milk with no trouble of caring for the cows. Besides, it would take so long for the coconut trees to grow that he would have plenty of time to eat and sleep and chase butterflies in the sunshine. But, unfortunately, he could not find any coconuts nor any young palms in the magic chest. So he finally decided to plant autumn flowers when the time came—probably nasturtiums, because their leaves are good for salad.

He might have planted sweet corn; but then, it is really a great deal of trouble to eat your corn off the cob, and it is even worse if you have to cut it off yourself, and besides one might get cut. Peas have to be shelled and beans have to be strung, and so it seemed much wiser to take plenty of time to think about it.

Otto considered very carefully, too, about what he would plant; but all the time he was considering he kept at work, softening and enriching the ground and getting it in fine condition. He found out what vegetables come first in the spring and decided to try those, and then make room for others later; and he was perfectly sure that he meant to have flowers in his garden. So he planted the rose slips the fairy

godmother had left, and read all the directions in the magic chest for raising violets and lilies and sweet-smelling flowers of all kinds.

Poor Hans worked hard. He bent all day over his vegetables until at last his shoulders were so bent and stiff he could hardly stand straight. He was very impatient if Otto asked for a bit of advice; and he would not give away a single vegetable, not one little beet or stunted potato, but took them all to town and sold them. He never stopped to look up in the blue, blue sky, or to stretch out his arms toward the golden, crimson, violet sunsets. He grumbled constantly because he did not get more for his cabbages and onions, and he worked so hard he forgot how to play.

"When I get the great prize, I will never work a bit, you may be sure," he said one day. "I will just wear my velvet clothes and ride my prancing steed and jingle the gold in my silken purse."

"I should think that would be rather stupid," murmured Otto; but he did not dare say it out loud.

Karl grew very fat and lazier every day.

"Who's the fool enough to waste these pleasant days working?" he used to exclaim scornfully, as he swung himself on a branch of the oak tree with a piece of frosted cake in his hand. "Not I, for all your prizes! Besides, we'll each get a prize, anyhow. What else are fairy godmothers for, I'd like to know?"

But Otto felt differently. "Oh, it's great fun to see the green things growing," he would say in the early morning, as he breathed the fragrance of the lilies or trained a rose bush. "I'm going to surprise mother to-night with the finest radishes she ever tasted, and nobody knows yet that the melons are forming on the vines under the leaves."

Then, when his roses were at their best, he took a fine bunch to the crippled boy, who lives at the end of the lane; and he often cut sweet peas and mignonette for the tired dressmaker, who sewed so steadily at her window. Sometimes he stopped his work to carry a cool drink of water from the spring to travelers who passed the house, or to run for a lump of sugar for old Jenny, the horse. He used to sell vegetables sometimes, but he did not forget that they were much fresher than his mother could buy for herself, and so he always begged her to use as much, as she could from his garden.

One day Otto stopped to look up into the blue sky and feel a great wave of loving gratitude fill his heart for the beauty of the summer and the clear note of the bobolink and the joy of healthy, happy work. Or he strolled through the woods, thinking: "God's sunshine will take care of my flowers to-day." Sometimes he even took the time to cultivate a little corner of Karl's neglected garden; and then Karl would seem to be interested, and sometimes he would work quite well for a whole day with Otto.

When the days were growing short and the cold winds began to sweep through the valley, the fairy godmother came again. Hans showed her the store of money he had earned, and begged her to look at his bent shoulders and hardened hands as evidence of his toil. Karl stammered, and tried to excuse himself, and said he would try to do better next year, but he did not love to work, and he would try to get some of the money he had earned; but I love the work, and I will try again next year, godmother dear, whether you give us prizes or not."

Then the fairy godmother smiled lovingly back and said: "You, little Otto, have won the very best of earth's prizes, love. Love is in your heart for your work for your friends, for the beautiful world, for God's poor. And love is in the hearts of others for your bonny smile and your sunny spirit. Love is the best prize, because no one ever wins it without truth in the heart, and honest work with the hands and brain. And love means more to him who gives than to him who takes."

Otto did not quite understand, but he knew the gentleness of her words and the tenderness of her smile; and he felt so happy in his heart that he would not have changed places with a king.

"Here are your velvet clothes, and yonder comes the prancing steed, and here is your purse of gold, poor Hans!" she said, sadly, turning to the eldest brother. "You have worked hard, and you have gained what you worked for; but you have hardened your heart, and you will learn that not velvet coats nor gold to spend can give happiness. The day will come when you will gladly turn again to your garden, and pray to work it for better ends. Happy you if that day comes quickly before it is too late."

And Hans put on the velvet coat, which seemed to gall his shoulders; and he remembered the ease of his old jacket. He made the prancing steed, but he was alone, and the crowds of merry youngsters trudging together had no look or word for him in his magnificence; and he spent his golden money; but he could buy neither health nor peace nor rest nor trust nor love with it.

"As for you," said the fairy godmother, turning to Karl, "you have won the prize of Just Reckonance, which will not seem pleasant to you now. No longer may you work or not as you choose, for Necessity shall drive you. To you I give another chance, and we shall see if a Winter of Necessity's teachings will not rub up your wits and teach you better sense. But this I warn you. For every day you have neglected your work, you must work twice for every effort you might have made, you must overcome an added hindrance. To win the best prize of all, love, you must overcome first your own heart, and then the outer obstacles. But the prize is always waiting to be won."

Hans and Otto both heard the last words; but Hans did not yet learn whether they took them to heart or not.—Christian Register.

WEEDING.

Death went weeding, weeding,
His sickle over his shoulder;
The weak, the old, the over-bold,
Grew weaker, wiser, colder.
He weeded them out of his garden,
The frail folk racked with pain,
The sick, the old, and the over-bold—
And left the strong remain.

Now Death goes weeding, weeding—
The sword the tool he uses!
He gathers the fair, the debonaire,
The young—and the old refuses.
He gathers out of the garden
The young and the strong and the gay,
He flings them far to the ditch of war—
And the others he bids "Stitch!"

So here in the ravaged garden,
And out in the cornfield yonder,
The weak remain—lonely, in pain—
And work, and brood, and ponder
How Death digs out of the garden
The strong, and the brave, and the gay,
The flower of the years—with blood and tears—
And flings them as weeds away.
—Ida Whipple Benham, in N. Y. Independent.

In the Campaign.
"I believe," said the candidate,
"that the state wants me."
"Perhaps," replied his friend, "but
the voters may refuse to honor a
requisition."—Atlanta Constitution.

COL. A. O. BRODIE.



Col. Brodie, known throughout the arid west as the "veteran Rough Rider," has recently been appointed governor of Arizona by President Roosevelt. He was graduated from West Point in 1870, and promoted to a second lieutenant in the same year. He served on the frontier up to 1877, when he resigned from the service. In 1877 he was especially mentioned for gallantry in action with the Apaches. When the Spanish-American war broke out he organized the Arizona quota of the First United States cavalry, better known as the Rough Riders. He was wounded at Las Guasimas, Cuba, June 24, 1898.

GREAT AMERICAN 'QUAKES.

Two Besides That at Charleston, S. C.—One of Them Swallowed a River.

Besides the Charleston earthquake of 1886, in which 41 lives were lost and about \$5,000,000 worth of property was destroyed, there have been two other notable earthquakes in the United States within historic times—one near the head of the Mississippi delta in 1811-12, and one in the Inyo valley, California, in 1872.

The former, known as the New Madrid earthquake, was remarkable for the length of time which its phenomena covered. There were several shocks at short intervals for several months, and the whole series of shocks lasted two years.

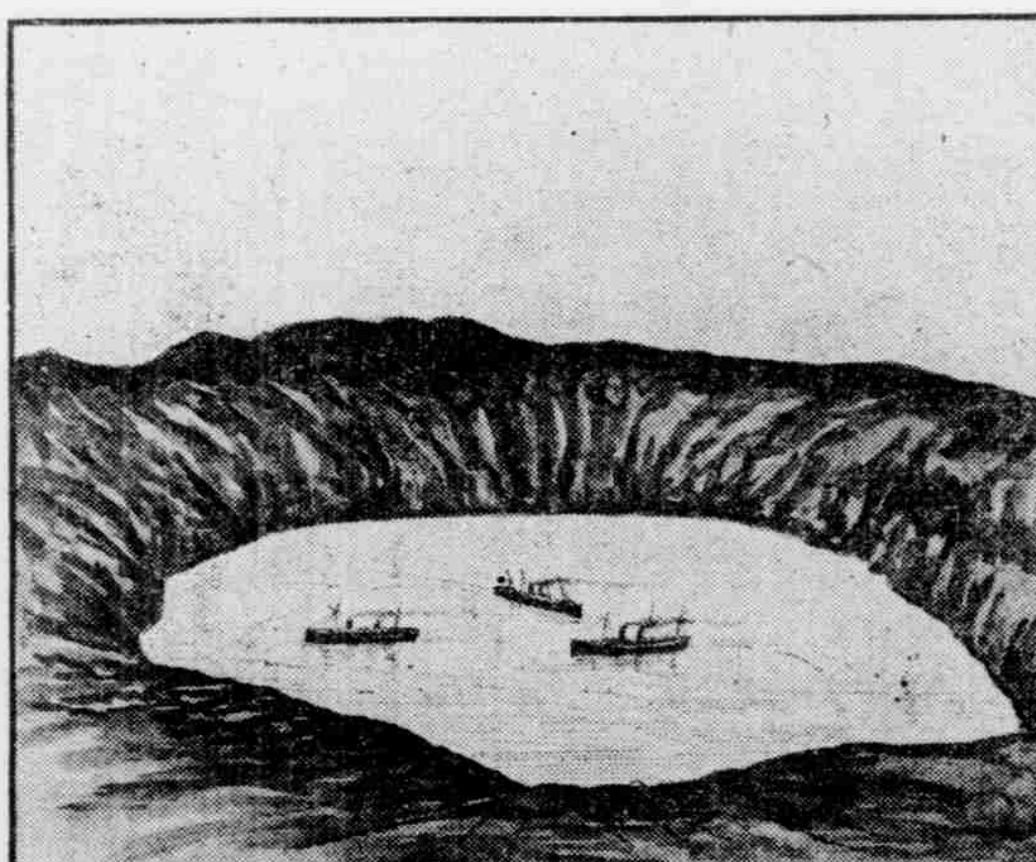
The country was sparsely settled, and no scientific records of the disturbance were made, but it is related that the alluvial land of the river bottoms was traversed by visible waves which rocked the trees to and fro and unrooted many. Huge fissures were opened, and lakes were drained by the escape of their waters into them. The largest sunken area is said to have been 60 or 80 miles long and nearly half as broad.

The Inyo valley earthquake was caused by a renewed movement along the great fault plain at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada. The chief shock lasted only a few minutes, but others of less violence continued for two or three months.

A tremendous fissure was formed along the base of the mountain range for about 40 miles. The land west of the fissure rose, and the land east of it fell several feet.

Owens river was temporarily swallowed up. In the village of Inyo all the houses were thrown down, and one-tenth of the inhabitants were killed.

LA SOUFRIERE BEFORE ERUPTION.



This view of the crater of Mount Soufriere, St. Vincent island, was made from a photograph taken with a panoramic camera. The above picture is but one remove from the photograph. On the surface of the crater lake have been drawn pictures of three great ocean vessels to give an idea of the extent of the crater. These are the Celtic, 700 feet long; the Oceanic, 765 feet long, and the Deutschland, 686 feet long. The lake in the crater was somewhat more than three miles in circumference.

THE AMERICAN TYPE.

Chicago Professor Says a Distinct One Is Not Possible to Evolution.

Is such a thing as a distinct physical type of American possible to evolution? According to an interesting series of experiments made by Prof. Philip B. Woodworth, of Lewis Institute, Chicago, and described in an article called the Physical American in Leslie's Monthly, it is not.

He waives all lines of the parallel, and instead of pointing to the parallels, he finds that moisture in the air is the great agency that is to stamp the Floridian with the color, stature and bulk of the Welshman, and the resident of Arizona with the lank proportions, high cheek bones and sallow complexion of the Arab. Three generations should accomplish the evolution of either type, and the atmospheric moisture or lack of moisture should be the agency.

From this out-of-doors study the professor has come to in-door temperatures, in which most men exist most of the time and almost all women live nearly all the time. In a series of experiments and observations extending through ten years, in the classroom and elsewhere, Prof. Woodworth has reached some interesting conclusions.

DEMAND FOR WOMEN'S HAIR.

Agents Scour the Countries of the Old World to Buy Tresses for the Elite.

Never has the demand for women's hair in Europe been greater than it is now, and men are going from town to town in France, Germany, Switzerland and Russia buying all they can get. It has been said that one enterprising dealer has sent some agents to China for this purpose, says a London paper.

The finest hair in France is furnished by Brittany, for the Breton women have very luxuriant tresses, which never fail to fetch a high price in London. Most of these women are poor, and are quite willing to sacrifice their hair, especially as they wear bonnets which completely cover their heads, and thus effectually hide them when shown.

France furnishes more brown and black hair than any other country, and by the women of Germany and the north of Europe. Gray and white hair is always in demand, and if of good quality, fetches a high price.

A French woman's hair weighs generally five ounces and a half, an Italian woman's six ounces, and a German woman's nine ounces. It requires much tact to persuade some women to part with their hair, and it is therefore no wonder that a man who possesses this tact and who is a good judge of hair, can readily command a salary of from \$4,000 to \$6,000.

ENGLAND'S DEATH RATE.

Remarkable Increase Shown, Against a Decrease in Marriages and Births.

The return of the registrar general of births, marriages and deaths for the year 1900, the first complete year since the war broke out, shows a decrease in marriages and births and an increase in deaths.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

Pretty Costumes That Have Become Quite Distinct from Any Other Style of Dress.

Nothing in dress is much more dainty than the shirt waist in sheer linens, and batistes and fine, thin silks so prettily embroidered and hemstitched, says the New York Sun.

Shirt waists of some sort have become one of the necessities of dress, and now they have grown into shirt-waist suits, making a distinctive costume quite apart from any other style of dress. These are blossoming out in some different material from time to time and you see them in foulard, chambrays, madras, dimities, taffeta silks, mercerized chevrons and more than all in liguans.

This is a most useful costume, answering many purposes; for traveling, outdoor sports and general morning wear and apparently it has some significance beyond usefulness inasmuch as it shows the tendency toward entire gowns, instead of the separate waist which is entirely different in material from the skirt.

However, it is simply another way of trying to oust the separate waist. Many plans have been tried before, but with no results except to cause women to put a higher value in its advantages.

In place of the flannel waist worn in cool mornings, there are some pretty dotted velvet blouses. The material is very light weight and has a coat of pressed finish which gives it a gloss.

These waists must be made by men if you would have them smart, yet women are not to be ignored in this class of work as the men waist makers are not infallible, by any means.

Women with plenty of money to spend on clothes have a fad for collecting odd waists, and buy anything and everything which strikes their fancy just to gratify their desire for pretty things. And this is no small item of expense, since the waists may cost anywhere from five to seventy-five dollars for the dainty hand-embroidered cobwebby things brought over from Paris. Much of the embroidery is done here, however, but that does not lessen the price much, if any at all.

The fad of last season for embroidered monograms on the left side of the bust is revived again, and a very popular one it is among those who care to have something individual about their waists. Colored floss is used on the white waists, and young women sometimes have their monograms embroidered in black.

For some unaccountable reason, they affect black and white very much this season in their costumes and hats as well. Perhaps it is the only way they can achieve any youthful distinction in dress, as the older women have appropriated all the colors to their use. But whatever may be the motive, it is a fact that black and white is conspicuous in the young girls' summer outfits.

THE BENEFIT OF TRUSTING.

One of the Best Equipments for the Teacher at Home or at School.

It is an almost invariable rule that young people, or those whose characters are forming, are helped by having confidence placed in their honor or honesty. This appeals to the best that is in them, and it takes a very strong temptation to induce them to do wrong when they feel that some one they love and respect is believing they will do right—and that their failure will surprise and hurt that person, says American Queen.

This trust and confidence is one of the best equipments for the teacher, either in Sunday school or day school. The average boy is an honest little fellow, with a keen sense of justice, and the best and easiest way to teach and help him is, from the beginning, to win his respect and admiration by treating him as a little man and putting him on his honor. There are very few boys who will not respond to this appeal to their higher nature; their lapses are generally from pure mischief, not from deliberate evil.

The same rule applies to employees. If you have a servant, she must be trusted more or less by the whole household. If she is not proved to be dishonest, you can help her a great deal by showing confidence in her, and her service will thus be more acceptable and gladly given. Treat her with kindness—never with familiarity. Require always careful performance of duties, obedience to instructions, personal tidiness and respectful manners, but remember to give her time to do her washing and mending so that she may be tidy, and treat her justly. Let her be a friend in the evening—not in the daytime, when she should be busy. When she sees that you believe in her, she will be grateful and will be the better for it.

This appeal to the best in any person rarely fails to get the right response. Only the person hardened in evil will abuse it.

Whole Meat Puffs.

Beat the yolk of one egg very light, add one and one-half cups of milk. Measure two cups of sifted flour and sift it again several times. Put it into a mixing bowl, make a hollow in the center and gradually mix in the milk and egg, making a perfectly smooth batter. Beat this well; then whip the white of the egg to a stiff froth and stir this lightly and evenly into the batter. The work must be done quickly after the white of the egg has been added or the bread will not be so light, much of the air beaten into the egg and batter escaping. Pour the batter into well-greased popovers or heated iron cups and bake in a quick oven.—Washington Star.

Strawberry Sauce.

Cream two tablespoonsful of butter, add gradually one cupful of powdered sugar and a little lemon juice. Beat in as many crushed berries as the mixture will hold and serve cold; or melt over hot water and serve hot. Use this same sauce with a cottage pudding.—Good Housekeeping.

Rising in the World.
White—What's become of young Brown, who started out to be a cook?
Black—Oh, he's become a chef.
"And where's his brother, who was a coachman?"
"Oh, he's become a chauffeur."
Judge.

WANTED HER CHANGE.

A Vexing Problem That One Married Man Has Quit Trying to Solve.

"The other day," said the man with the tired look, relates the Washington Post, "my wife and I were due to run over to Baltimore to attend the wedding of an old bachelor pal of mine who took it into his head to jump off late in life. I had a lot of work to attend to at the office that morning, and so I told my wife, before starting for the office, that I'd meet her downtown at any place she named. She named one of the F-street department stores—said that she had to buy a piece of neck ribbon—and I told her I'd pick her up there about 20 minutes before train time, so's to give us ample time to make the station."

"I was about four minutes late in making the department store, owing to my immersion in the stack of work on my desk, and so I was in a good deal of a lather when I galloped into the store. I found my wife standing in front of the ribbon counter looking worried."

"I'm waiting for my change," she said.

"Well," said I, "we've got to hustle—we've only got about 10 minutes now to make the station."

"But," said she, "I can't leave my change, can I?"

"What's the matter with your change—how long've you been waiting for it?" I asked her.

"About ten minutes," she answered. "The trolley thing that sends you back your change has got out of order, but they're fixing it, and I'll have my change in a minute."

"I was, as I say, in a good deal of a steam, but I had it doped out that perhaps she had given the saleswoman a bill of considerable size, and I felt that there was nothing to do but be patient and wait till the change trolley got fixed, although I was pretty busy looking at my watch."

"Well, after a wait of five minutes, the trolley got in running shape again, and then, about two minutes later, the little box came scolding our way, the saleswoman opened it up and dumped the contents into her hand, and then handed over to my wife—well, what d'ye suppose?—a cent, one little, measly, common, ordinary, trifling, frivolous, no-account one-penny piece! That was her 'change.'"

"We missed the train, and had to take one an hour later, and we got over to Baltimore about half an hour after my old pal had been tied up in his little knot."

"I'm going to give it up trying to guess 'em!"

DEFECTIVE SIGHT.

A Physical Infirmary Which May Become Responsible for Impairment of Character.

The announcement by Dr. Weir Mitchell about 30 years ago that conditions of the eye requiring extreme effort to focus it, in other words, eye strain, cause certain nervous headaches, directed the attention of many other observers to the far-reaching effects of defective vision, says Youth's Companion.

The short-sighted child may become more studious than the average from the fact that he is able to see only objects close at hand. He may thus turn to books with a degree of application which may be harmful inasmuch as the defect renders it likely that his outdoor pleasures are correspondingly restricted.

The far-sighted child may be even more seriously affected. He perceives objects near at hand with a blurred and indistinct impression. It is a difficult process for him to apply his attention to a book or to a copy because the eyes rebel against prolonged strain. Not seeing clearly, he is less apt to reason clearly. A new idea dawns slowly when study demands a marked expenditure of nervous energy. In this event it is not to be wondered at if study becomes tiresome and distasteful, and if the child's ingenuity is exercised to further the escape from as much school work as possible.

A physical defect which it is possible to correct may thus easily become responsible for traits of character which permanently impair mental progress. A noted observer has stated it as his opinion that a child with a marked degree of far-sightedness is always backward in his studies, and prone to the habit of making excuses for lessons unlearned.

Children who are cross-eyed have a double disadvantage in that they are hampered by sight-confusion, and are also frequently the butt of their companions' thoughtless ridicule. It has been noted that the correction of cross-eye has improved the disposition as well as the sight of a child previously affected.

Defects of the eye, productive of far and near-sightedness are not always readily detected. Parents should bear in mind the possibility of defective vision as a cause for the backwardness of children in school or at play.

A Hint as to Curry.

Few cooks understand that in order to make a satisfactory curry the powder should be stirred dry into boiling butter precisely as flour is used in making a roux, also a little good stock is indispensable. If cold chicken or other meat is to be curried, the bones and refuse bits should be covered with cold water, brought very slowly to boiling point, and then simmered, if fat, it must be cooled and skimmed before using. Cut the meat in dice; it is then to be heated through in the curry made thus: Into a tablespoonful of boiling butter stir two of curry powder; when smooth stir a cup of the stock in slowly, and when creamy, it is ready for the meat, having been first seasoned to taste. For mutton kidney the dish should be surrounded with fried onions, to be served with it. The stock may need coloring with a bit of browned onion.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What Carnegie Calls Work.

Carnegie has been telling people over in London that it is hard work to give money away, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Still, we could mention several professions that are harder.

Proper Name for Him.
"What would you call a man who is trying to learn to play the fiddle, pop?"
"A nuisance, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

How Parents May Contribute Towards the Sam of Enjoyment of Their Little Ones.

One of the first rights of the little ones, after such necessities as food, clothing and shelter, is the right to happiness. How pathetic to see a young child deprived of this right, its little face pinched and aged by premature cares, scarcely knowing how to play and frolic.

Yet there are kind and affectionate mothers who perhaps unwittingly and needlessly mar a child's happiness many times a day. Especially is this true when the quarters are small and the little one's "in the way," says Mrs. K. Andrews, in the American Queen.

A point in which many of us fail in our duty to our children is in appreciation of their little treasures and their handiwork. To many a child some bits of twine, a picture card, some bright colored scraps of cloth or a bit of colored glass are of prodigious value. An unthinking adult swoops down and consigns the "rubbish" to the kitchen fire, while a little heart may be heaving with bitter sob over the irreparable loss and its happiness spoiled for hours. Give the child a box to keep its treasures in and teach it to gather them up and put them in the box when through playing. Such a box would make the child happier and be a little training for him in taking care of his things.

Then there are the little things that children make, perhaps at the kindergarten, or later through a taste for certain work. To make these happy moments add to their pleasure in working if they feel that the article when done will be accepted by mother, or father with a smile and some words of admiration and encouragement. It is most injudicious, almost shameful, to tell a child not to bother when he brings you some little gift. Always use the article if possible; if not, praise it at least and then teach him how to improve upon it. Or make something better.

Cares and responsibilities will come soon enough, so let your boys and girls be children as long as possible, or even repress too early indications of grown-up ideas when necessary. Keep these boys at all times, either with work or play; idleness is sure to breed trouble. To make these happy moments complete, play occasionally in their games and romps, and occasionally treat them to pleasant little surprises. A wise and loving mother can devise innumerable ways of making her little ones happy and at the same time teaching them life's many lessons in a pleasant way.

THE HOG IS LOQUACIOUS.

A Naturalist Says the Porkers Have a Language and Make Much Use of It.

"One of the things that has been sadly neglected in the language of some of our lower animals," said James Speed, the naturalist, according to the Chicago Tribune, "has many persons ever thought for one instant about what a hog says to another, long or short he says to you or me?"

"Hogs do talk, and talk a good deal. Suppose you go out to the barnyard early in the morning; doesn't every hog come running and in unmistakable language beg for something to eat? If you give them a trough full of slop, what is the meaning of the satisfied grunt which you hear? It is not at all like the begging which was indulged in until you feed them."

"One halcyon day I was walking across a field of clover, when far ahead I saw an old friend of mine, a big sow. The fresh green clover made no sound as my feet sank in it and the sow did not hear me until I was just behind her. Suddenly she turned and at once gave a startled grunt, which warned her six little spotted pigs that danger was near. In an instant every little pig dropped flat on its stomach and every one was fastened on its little back."

"After the old sow had taken a second good look at me she recognized a personal friend who had fed her all her life, so she gave a low, satisfied grunt, and each and every little pig jumped up and went to playing again. This is an exemplification of what Ernest Seton Thompson has so frequently written about in animal teaching, their constant freedom of all animal life, and that by remaining perfectly still the chances of being seen are greatly reduced, and so all the mothers teach their young to drop and 'freeze' at a word of warning."

"Later that day, as I came back across the field, I heard the same old sow squealing and crying somewhere in a strip of timber nearby. I knew in an instant that something had happened to the sow, for the squealing was sharp and high, and took of pain and anger. I hurried to her relief. In the edge of the woods I met six little pigs huddled together, evidently greatly frightened by their mother's frequent and sharp signals. At my approach they ran to the shelter of some underbrush and hid. I found the old sow with her feet fastened between the roots of a tree and unable to extricate herself. In a moment I released her and she hobbled off, calling to her pigs with low grunts of satisfaction."

Durian Antiquities.

The Prussian Knights of St. John, who were formerly in possession of the island of Ceylon, the modern Ceylon, have contributed 2,000 marks toward the cost of the expedition which is to make excavations in the island under the leadership of Dr. Henning Vosseler of the Tubingen university and Herr Necht of Wurtemberg, the architect. The expedition is being organized at the instance of the Imperial Berlin Archaeological Institute, which has given 3,000 marks for the purpose. A portion of any antiquities that may be discovered will be presented to the Royal Museum of Antiquities at Wurtemberg, which also contribute to the cost. Prince Albert, of Prussia, grand master of the Knights of St. John, has given 2,200 marks towards the cost of publishing a report on the expedition. London Standard.

Proper Name for Him.
"What would you call a man who is trying to learn to play the fiddle, pop?"
"A nuisance, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.